Unapologetic

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal bids on Will at a charity auction. The resulting dinner date brings a host of revelations.

Notes

This was the almost sequel to Presumption. At the time I was interested in where this was going but knew it wasn't quite right, not the right tone to fit with that fic. So I started over and wrote Assumption, but kept coming back to this as I wanted to explore these possibilities too.

AO3: TigerPrawn

Will fidgeted and bounced lightly from foot to foot, wondering how the hell he had ended up here.

He wouldn't have agreed to it if Jack had asked him, but he - *they* - had been ambushed. Thinking back on it, it was clearly a setup. Will wasn't sure Jack ever usually took lunch, much less with his wife, so when Bella Crawford turned up to do just that, it was out of the ordinary. And she took the opportunity, whilst they were all there, to sweetly ask if they - himself, Price, Katz and Zeller - would be willing to give a couple of evenings of their time for a charity she was a patron of.

The result was this - Will, Jack, the lab team and several of Bella's friends, standing on the stage in a swanky Baltimore hotel function room, whilst rich people drank heavily and bid on them.

The bid was for an evening of the person's time. Not for a date necessarily, as Bella had explained - no, that would be crass - she'd said that with a smirk. There were skills people might make use of - for example she knew several attendees were doing home renovations and would be interested in skills that might be of use. Apparently Jack was a dab hand with a paintbrush and so was expected to fetch a reasonable sum.

Will couldn't imagine there would be anyone interested much interested in how to tie fishing lures, the best methods to remove dog hair, or how to determine time of death by insect activity…

But here he was, next up after Jack in the motley crew lined up on stage. They had been ranked alphabetically, and his boss had fetched a substantial amount as predicted. Will was gestured to the front of the stage, his palms sweating as the reality of it all set in. He could feel panic creeping up the back of his skull.

A table of women near the front gave a whoop and a holler, which was not as flattering as they might have thought. And when his awkward stance didn't loosen up, they began to lose

some, but not all, interest.

Bella, who had taken it upon herself at least to MC the auction, though a real auctioneer had been engaged to perform the duties, gave a short introduction. As with Jack, she didn't state his working situation, only listed the hobbies he'd been obliged to give her and a few personal words about what an interesting guy Will Graham was.

There were murmurs as, apparently, the merits of Will's hobbies were discussed. Perhaps he actually would be bid on by someone who wanted to learn how to fly fish.

The bidding was slow until the table at the front decided he was still an interesting conquest and started bidding amongst themselves as they laughed and drank.

Will held back a wince, shifting uncomfortably. This had been a terrible idea. He took a steadying breath and tried hard not to imagine an evening with those women.

He found himself scanning the room, looking for an exit, though he knew even he wasn't rude enough to just take off and run out of the nearest door. As tempting as that was.

As Will's eyes swept the room, they were caught by someone familiar.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter sat at a table near the middle of the room. His chair was askance to the table, so that he reclined with his long legs crossed and hands clasped in his lap. Much the stance Will knew from their sessions.

Will was mortified for a moment, hating to be seen in this position by someone he was starting to consider a friend. More than that, someone he found interesting, despite his protestations.

But then one of the women bid again, a tipsy cry of, "Four Hundred!" and Will couldn't help the pleading expression that crossed his face.

For the briefest moment there a sort of self satisfied smirk on Hannibal's face, gone as soon as it had appeared. And then he politely raised his own hand, "One Thousand."

Will's jaw tightened, and the room erupted into excited chatted. He felt his cheeks burn. Perhaps part of him had hoped Hannibal would bid on him, enough to rescue him and then Will could thank him and pay him back. A thousand dollars was more than he had expected, but he could stretch to pay it, as much as it pained him to spend so much on something so idiotic when he should have just said no to Bella.

There was more chatter, some cheering and then the auctioneer's hammer fell.

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They had all been asked to wait in the room adjoining the function room, whilst festivities continued - there was a singer on stage now - as the winning bidders arrived and wrote their cheques.

One by one, they were collected by their winning bidders. Will didn't see them all but the ones he did were interesting. The person who 'won' Katz, seemed like a total sleaze and Will was already wondering how long it would take for her to throat punch the guy. Jimmy, by contrast, was ecstatic to find himself with someone who wished to get into beekeeping and wanted to spend their evening discussing just that.

Details were exchanged in order to arrange these evenings, and then people were allowed to rejoin the event - a table laid on at the back for those who had volunteered at the auction if they wanted to stay and didn't otherwise have a ticket.

There were a handful of others remaining with him when Hannibal entered the room and all eyes went to the immaculately groomed doctor.

Will winced. All the more so when Hannibal spotted him and gave him a charming smile. He strode over, moving as elegantly as ever, his smile never faltering.

"I feel like I've come to collect my property," He joked, though Will couldn't smile at it, just wince further. Hannibal frowned. "I am joking of course, Will." Hannibal clearly sensed his discomfort.

Will shrugged, or at least tried to, only then realising how rigidly he was holding himself. "This was a stupid thing to do, I… I'm not a fan of that sort of bug under a microscope feeling of being on stage."

"It is for a good cause though, that's very honourable." He wasn't sure if Hannibal was just trying to make him feel better, but it was a nice thing to say nonetheless.

"Yeah," Will took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Even so, I think you paid quite a bit over the going rate. I'll pay it back of course, Doctor."

Will thought it best to make that entirely clear. He was grateful for Lecter's assistance with this ridiculous situation he'd gotten himself into, and he wasn't going to shirk on paying it back.

Hannibal frowned at him, tilting his head slightly like one of his dogs - clearly confused. "Pay me back?"

"For the, uh, bidding. I really appreciate the save, I'm not sure I could have handled that table of ladies at the front that looked like they wanted to eat me alive," Will let out an uneasy chuckle, which Hannibal joined with.

Words full of mirth, Hannibal shook his head slightly, "You misunderstand, Will. Though I am glad to have been of assistance in rescuing you from their clutches, my bid was entirely genuine and more than a little selfishly motivated." Hannibal crooned the words and Will felt his face drain of blood before heating right back up again. Hannibal's eyes clearly roamed over his face, taking in the blush across his cheeks with a slight smile. "I believe I paid for an evening of your time. A date, if you'd permit it. Is tomorrow evening convenient for you?"

Hannibal looked not only completely serious, but also more than a little enamoured.

Will's first reaction was a whole bunch of inward cursing, and his second was to blush even harder. Given that they had been flirting on some subtle and unassuming level since Hannibal brought him breakfast that time, he guessed this really shouldn't be a surprise.

In fact, it felt like a pretty Hannibal thing to do.

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Will stood in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie.

He felt a bit idiotic. He wasn't sure what was worse - getting embroiled in the whole auction thing, or not remotely considering the consequences of harmless flirting.

Apparently not so harmless.

After their first meeting in Jack's office bordered on hostile, Will had been salty about the whole thing. But when Hannibal had brought him breakfast and talked and joked, he had to reluctantly admit to himself that he was intrigued. There was something about the guy that Will really liked. What had started as not really therapy, then a developing friendship, had slowly grown to include subtle flirting. In that gentle and satisfying way that left Will warm and tingly, with no expectations to worry about. Even so, if he had been remotely interested in a relationship then maybe...

No, that was never going to happen. Nor was anything other than some flirtation. As much as he liked Hannibal, he just wasn't ready to be physical with anyone. He could really kick himself, he thought Hannibal had understood that it was just harmless flirtation, banter of sorts.

Will undid his uneven tie and tied it over again.

Maybe the flirting hadn't been so subtle, now he thought about it? Of course Hannibal misread the situation. He would have too if someone flirted so hard with him. Which… Hannibal had, but only reciprocating Will's flirting.

Will let out a heavy sigh and started over again with his tie. This whole thing was a complete mess.

After knotting his tie, Will put dry food down for the dogs and locked up the house. The drive to Hannibal's house was way too much time for Will to get into his head about the situation. By the time he was half way there, he'd resolved that he would tell Hannibal that he was flattered, sorry for misleading him, and happy to have dinner but just as friends.

Even that sat badly, leaving a sour feeling in his stomach. He just wished things could be different. Wished he could be confident and comfortable enough to let someone close.

To let Hannibal close.

By the time he pulled up outside Hannibal's house, he had worked himself up and sat resting his head on the steering wheel for a few minutes. He took deep breaths and tried to work out what to say now that it seemed that Hannibal was actually interested.

He was still thinking it over as he got out of the car, hesitated and then started to the house. Will had rehearsed the words over and over in his head and knew exactly what to say. Right up until the door opened.

“Will,” Hannibal’s greeting was practically purred and everything Will had planned to say dried up in his throat.

“Hannibal,” Will returned the greeting and tried to keep his voice level, as he stepped in and allowed Hannibal to take his jacket.

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The dinner was so spectacularly beautiful that Will couldn’t even bring himself to say so. Hannibal clearly already knew. And there was no way he was planning on stroking Hannibal’s ego right now.

But when he’d put the first bite in his mouth, he couldn’t help quirking a brow at the exquisite flavour.

A slight smirk passed across Hannibal’s lips, enjoying Will’s involuntary appreciation.

“As good as meemaw makes?” Hannibal asked, the words sounding strange in his mouth. Will was at least grateful that he didn’t try for a southern accent.

“Oh, this is meant to be Cajun?” Will replied, the tease coming too easily, as always.

Hannibal let out a hum that spoke of his mock displeasure.

Will hid his grin behind another forkful of food, mentally chastising himself for coming so close to flirtation. He really should quit the teasing.

It happened so naturally between them and Will had never had that with anyone before, which made it all the harder to stop. It just happened and with no effort on his part, it meant it took an extraordinary effort to stop it.

Will cleared his throat, “Hannibal, we should talk. About the auction.”

Hannibal raised a brow and tilted his head slightly, “Are you going to tell me off, Will?” Hannibal smiled and then looked down at his plate, going back to loading his fork as he continued, “It has already occured to me that it was a heavy handed and presumptive way to ask you for a date.”

Hannibal popped his fork in his mouth, removing it slowly - knowing that Will was tracking the movement of it.

Will’s mouth went dry and he picked up his drink, swallowing the wine down in gulps whilst his mind blanked out. He really should say something about the flirting, about the auction. Put an end to all of this before it got even more out of hand.

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After dinner they moved to the study, Hannibal pouring them a glass of whiskey each before joining Will on the overstuffed sofa. It wasn't anything they hadn't done before, and Hannibal sat no closer than he had before. Yet it felt that much more intimate that, once again, Will acknowledged the massive error of having flirted and been friendly in the way he had been.

There were several times when he was able to completely derail Hannibal's flirtations during dinner, but that had still been less than fifty percent of the time. And there were many more times than that, that he was unable to stop himself flirting.

"You seem very distant this evening, Will." Hannibal commented between sips, watching Will intently. "Would I be correct in thinking that you are apprehensive about the situation?"

"Situation?" Will asked, cocking his head. He was sure Hannibal meant the date or whatever it was, but he couldn't help a moment's panic over Hannibal knowing more than he let on.

"I will admit that I thought you might not be comfortable if I asked you on a date, and so…" He finished with a flourish of his hand to indicate the situation he spoke of.

Will huffed in both relief and amusement, "So you decided to buy me at auction. That feels a little extreme."

Will tried to sound jovial to hide his slight discomfort. Hannibal was right, he wouldn't have agreed to a date.

"Obviously, I had no idea this situation would present itself, but felt it would be remiss of me not to exploit it."

He felt Hannibal move slightly and they were suddenly sitting fractionally closer together, Hannibal's hand moved gently to his knee.

"I knew if I asked you, you would turn me down. And not for professional reasons, am I right Will?" Hannibal spread his fingers over Will's knee. It was an innocuous movement, nothing inherently sexual in many ways, but possessive. "We are only having conversations after all. No, that isn't what's holding you back. You clearly have a fear of intimacy, Will. But I am uncertain if your fear is general, or of me specifically."

Will suddenly realised how heavily he was drawing his breaths. His chest rising and falling deeply as he focused on the touch of Hannibal's hand.

Hannibal seemed to notice this and smiled, moving closer again, turning so that he faced Will completely.

"I think I worked it out, I think I can finally see what is holding you back." Hannibal's tone was soft and low, silky.

Will trembled as Hannibal leaned in and brushed his hand across the nape of Will's neck.

"You can say no, Will," Hannibal's words were a low rumble.

Will panted, nodding his head slightly to acknowledge Hannibal's words. Part of him wanted to say no, but much more of him was caught up in the moment.

And then Hannibal's mouth pressed to his and not one part of him was left to resist and pull back.

Will was so caught up in it all that his mind went blank. No more thoughts, no more concerns. Just pleasure as Hannibal's hand slid around the back of his neck and pulled him as close as possible. He moaned into Hannibal's mouth as the doctor lay back on the sofa, drawing Will down with him so they pressed fully against each other. They adjusted easily to the position, Will between Hannibal's slightly splayed legs, as he completely reclined along the length of the sofa.

The kissing was languid but passionate, as Hannibal spent long minutes exploring his mouth. Minutes in which Will's brain ceased all ability to talk or think.

He never normally let go like this, in fact he wasn't sure he ever had. But with Hannibal… It felt so easy, just like their flirting and their friendship. A connection there he'd never had with anyone else before, as much as he tried to deny that even to himself.

And the kissing, it felt like the teenage makeout session he'd never had. It utterly consumed him and he was perfectly fine with that.

Until Hannibal's hand moved between them.

He didn't even notice until Hannibal was palming his groin. At that his breath hitched and Will had stopped kissing him and was, frozen in place.

Will knew his face had paled, and he cursed himself for being so stupid. He shouldn't have come for this date, he shouldn't have let things get this far.

Hannibal wore a curious expression. A half frown, a half smile. His head cocked slightly to one side and his hand remaining on Will's flaccid cock.

Will wanted the ground to swallow him up.

"I…"

"Are you not enjoying yourself Will?" Hannibal seemed almost amused and Will couldn't decide if that was the best or worst reaction the man might have.

Will was trembling, anxiety gripping him as his breath came in laboured shudders. He shook his head, mostly in disbelief at his own idiocy.

"I should go." Will said, pulling back, trying to get up from the sofa. Off of Hannibal.

Hannibal shook his head, taking hold of Will's shirt with his free hand whilst removing the other from Will's crotch and running it up Will's chest. At that the colour returned to Will's face, and then some - his cheeks flushing hot.

“Before you do, Will…” Hannibal moved his hand from between them and took hold of Will’s, bringing it back between them to rest on his own crotch.

Will frowned, feeling an unexpected absence of a cock there.

“What… I don’t…” Will tried to find the words for something that had his mind already reeling, and clearly had Hannibal grinning.

“You can stop this any time you want,” He released Will’s hand to pull open the buttons of his fly before taking Will’s hand up once more and guiding it beneath the clothing. “You never suspected, did you Will?” Hannibal asked.

Will shuddered as he felt the evidence of Hannibal’s arousal, and more. And he really didn’t want to stop, his fingers moving practically of their own accord now, over anatomy that was at once familiar and not.

“I didn’t… I don’t…” It all seemed so surreal and yet so good.

Hannibal kept a light hold of his wrist as he encouraged him further. Will slid his fingers beside Hannibal’s cock and lower down, his breath hitching as he found Hannibal wet and wanting.

“I didn’t suspect either, not fully until last night. I had never had chance to study you in such a situation. Feeling the scrutiny of all in the room.” Hannibal manipulated Will’s wrist so that his hand moved, dragging the wetness of his front hole up to his penis to use as a lubricant in the ministrations Hannibal clearly wanted. “It was quickly clear that your discomfort went beyond your antisocial tendencies.”

Hannibal slid his hand from Will’s shirt up around his neck once more, bringing him down so that Will’s forehead rested on his shoulder. He could look down between them, space enough to see his hand moving between Hannibal’s legs.

He let out a shuddering breath that was close to a sob. It was such a fucking beautiful sight, and it terrified him.

“I meant it Will, you can stop if you wish,” Hannibal’s words were a rumble, dripping with pleasure. “I understand if this is too much to take in, too overwhelming. But please know that I would be more than happy for you to continue.”

Will nodded against Hannibal’s shoulder but he wasn’t really sure whether he was agreeing, or whether he was just acknowledging the words. Either way he didn’t stop touching Hannibal - his breath shuddering on each inhale and exhale as he felt Hannibal’s cock grow even harder and twitch between his fingers.

“Tell me Will,” Hannibal’s voice had become little more than a whisper against his ear, “is this all you that I can feel?”

Hannibal’s hand moved back to his cock and Will groaned, a little sob escaping at the same time as he was forced to confront every fear he’d ever had about being intimate.

“It’s… it’s me… I had surgery… three years ago.” Will forced every word out as though it was confession.

“Mmm…” Hannibal practically purred, his hand squeezing and fondling him, “I want to feel you inside me Will. Would you like that?”

Will let out an anguished cry and moved quickly. He withdrew his hand from Hannibal’s pants, fingers glistening with Hannibal’s wetness, and got to his feet.

He was shaking and trying to catch his breath, not realising at first that his face was damp with tears.

His mind was reeling. Hannibal was the same as he was - it was shocking but strangely comforting. A different history, and different life, different surgeries. But of anyone, Hannibal could understand what it was to be alien to his own body, to have to rebuild it. And he was so self assured, such a different man to Will.

“I can’t do this Hannibal!” Will shook his head and began to pace, eyes averted from Hannibal, “I’m not like you. You… you’re clearly confident and… you own yourself in a way I can never imagine being able to. I don’t even understand it.” Will’s voice began to pitch up as more thoughts and fears than had ever come out in their therapy sessions spilled from him.

“It’s like you’re here to taunt me,” Will’s voice shook with emotion, “I… I am never going to be like you. I don’t even understand how it is even possible. I don’t… how can anyone like me, like us, feel okay with themselves? I’ve taken hormones for years, I’ve had the surgeries I need to be comfortable in my own skin, and I am… I love my body, *my* body. But…” It was coming out as breathless sobs now and he wasn’t sure he’d be able to get himself back under control. “I don’t know how anyone else can.”

Will clenched his jaw, gritting his teeth to keep words in as he turned back to Hannibal.

He wasn’t sure what he’d expected - perhaps that he’d find the man still reclining and watching him with that psychiatric fascination that he had. But he wasn’t, he sat calmly not looking at Will, but down at his own shirt, which he was unbuttoning.

Will watched, confused as Hannibal undid the last button and pulled his shirt off. He stood and walked to Will, giving Will ample opportunity to take in the fine scars almost obscured by his chest hair. Likely they would be missed by anyone not looking for them.

“Society teaches us to fear and abhor the different, and it is hard to deny those behaviours even when we ourselves are those deemed different,” He spat the last word. “It makes it all too easy to hate ourselves. Do I repulse you, Will?” Hannibal asked, stepping into his space and bringing a hand up to wipe the tears from his cheeks.

Will shook his head, frowning, “No, of course not… You’re… I, I think you’re…” Truthfully he had thought Hannibal attractive before, now he was sure he’d never seen anything so wonderful.

As he stammered over the words Hannibal's mouth curved up into a smile.

"Will," both Hannibal's hands came up to cup his face, "then why would I, or anyone, find you repulsive. You're beautiful."

Will let out a startled and uncomfortable laugh at the compliment, trying to shake his head in denial though Hannibal wouldn't let him.

"I shall be honest," Hannibal stepped closer again, leaning in to kiss the tears from his face, "I have fantasised many times of us being intimate." Each word was punctuated with another kiss. "Of my dominating you and using you for my pleasure. And perhaps sometime that might happen. But for now I see that what you need is love. Let me love you Will, let me show you how your body can be loved, how you can be loved for who you are. Will you allow that?"

Hannibal's hand snaked up behind his head, playing in his hair and pulling him close, their lips barely any distance from each other. If Will uttered any words they would be swallowed by the man.

He closed his eyes and gave a shaky nod.

He didn't need to open his eyes again to know that Hannibal was smiling, he could feel it in the curve of the lips then pressed to his own.

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The relocation to the bedroom happened in a daze for Will.

He had felt Hannibal gently leading him and not fought it. He didn't want to fight it in so many ways, yet his mind was still reeling.

Realising and accepting that Hannibal was also trans, had happened in an instant. It didn't even take a second thought for it to sink in and make sense. Make sense of a lot about Hannibal, and possibly about his own attraction to the man.

But understanding what it was to be trans and unapologetically confident in his physical being was beyond Will's comprehension.

He did love his body, the happiness and contentment it had brought him once he was as he was always meant to be. But he had no confidence. When it came to others accepting his body, he knew he wasn't what other men wanted. Even with the phallo, it wasn't the sort of cock other men dreamed of going down on or having fuck them. A number of experiences in gay bars when he first started to transition had taught him that. He had never even come close to being naked with another man after transitioning, as a result. The few times he'd tried to date other men had ended badly before being physical was even an option.

"I've never," he suddenly blurted and stopped himself.

Hannibal nodded, as though he understood what Will meant.

They had come to a halt in the grand bedroom, just at the foot of the bed. Already shirtless it took Hannibal only moments to remove his shoes, and then pants and underwear in one motion.

Will's breath shuddered again as he watched the man reveal himself completely.

He had a beautiful, athletic physique that was shamefully hidden in the well tailored suits. His chest hair made Will slightly envious - despite ample growth under his arms and all over his legs, hormone therapy had not blessed him with chest hair. It made him just as equally aroused.

Hannibal smiled as he watched Will take him in, stroking a hand over his chest and sliding it down his body once he knew he had Will's attention. In fact, Will was rapt and his eyes quickly moved ahead of Hannibal's hand to its destination in heart stopping anticipation.

Between Hannibal's furred thighs, nestled his cock. He'd had some sort of metoidioplasty surgery and it stood erect, making Will's mouth water. Hannibal's fingers were on it a moment later, sliding either side of his shaft, pumping it slightly between the digits.

Will remembered masturbating that way himself until he'd had the phalloplasty. He'd never imagined before how fucking hot it might be to watch someone do that.

Hannibal's fingers didn't stop there, they moved further down. Between his legs and to the front hole that he clearly enjoyed in a way Will never had on himself, but this...

Hannibal drew his fingers back wet and gave Will no chance to resist when he stepped forward and placed them to Will's mouth.

Will parted his lips to receive them, gladly sucking the juices from Hannibal's fingers.

"Is this okay Will? I don't want to do anything you're uncomfortable with." Hannibal rumbled the words. Will shook his head slightly, not enough to dislodge the fingers that he sucked harder for a moment before releasing.

"I've never been with anyone else who is… anyone else like me," he found himself confessing in an almost whisper as Hannibal drew back his fingers, using them to unbutton Will's shirt. "I've… since transitioning I've only been with women."

"But you prefer men," Hannibal noted, it wasn't a question. "I've wondered in our sessions whether there was some sort of repression at play with you. It seemed clear that you were bisexual or pansexual, however you identify, but that you were repressing your interest in men. Perhaps scared of it."

Will shook his head, trembling as Hannibal's fingers worked lower, "N-not scared of… se-sexuality," he stuttered, the admission making his chest hurt, "I was… I'm s-scared of the rejection."

Hannibal nodded, his eyes intent on Will's and there was a complete understanding there.

“You fear that people will reject you once they know who you really are, perhaps even a concern that such a rejection could be violent,” again, not a question and a short, sharp sob came out as Will nodded.

The last of the buttons were free.

“I won’t reject you Will. In fact, I’m compelled to admit that I’ve never wanted to be with someone more than I want to be with you. The thought of you inside me is arousing me more than I have been in years,” Hannibal let out a chuckle and practically growled, “I didn’t think I could get this wet anymore without lubricant, you have proved me wrong.”

Will shuddered, hesitating for just a moment before pulling his left arm free of the sleeve. Even though he was absolutely sure Hannibal knew what to expect, his cautionary behaviour was ingrained.

Hannibal pushed the rest of the shirt from Will’s shoulders and off, before taking hold of his left hand and interlinking it with his own. He raised their clasped hands to kiss Will’s knuckles before trailing kisses down his forearm. Will trembled as Hannibal’s lips came into contact with the scarring of his donor site.

It had healed well and was obscured enough by arm hair not to be immediately obvious. Even so, he was very self conscious of it, and hated that he was. That piece of flesh had been taken and sculpted into the penis he should have been born with. The thought of that filled him with joyous emotion, but the thought of others seeing it, of judging him a freak, of rejecting him…

Will trembled and let out a low sob.

Hannibal dropped his hands and snaked his arms around Will, pulling him into a tight embrace and swallowing his sobs into his own mouth.

They were both panting when Hannibal drew back enough to press his lips against Will’s ear and whisper, “You care too much about what others think, don’t you Will? Not generally, not about just anything. But about your transition, beyond fears of rejection and violence you-”

“I don’t like people in my business.” Will growled, that was the truth of it. “But...” His voice shook.

“It’s the most private and personal thing a person has no choice but to do publicly.” Hannibal muttered, eloquently finishing what Will had wanted to articulate, Will found himself nodding.

That was exactly it. At every point of this it had been impossible for him not to feel judged or in some way on display. It wasn’t as if he’d been able to take five years of his life and live in seclusion somewhere whilst he took hormones, had surgeries - emerging what people perceived as a different person.

“I understand Will,” Hannibal nuzzled against his ear. “I understand how difficult it can be to rise above it all and just relax with yourself. Can I help you do that, Will?”

Hannibal's hand snaked between them and palmed Will's cock again.

"I want you inside me," Hannibal muttered again, breathing the words against Will's ear. Will shivered. Were he able to get naturally erect, he would have been rock hard. As it was he was sensitive and verging on uncomfortable in his trousers.

Emboldened by Hannibal's words and understanding, Will took Hannibal's mouth hungrily, walking them towards the bed. He was trembling and wanting. Needing.

When they reached the bed, Hannibal pulled back, teasing at Will's lips as he did so, until he stepped back enough to drop to his knees.

"Fuck," Will muttered, scrubbing a hand roughly over his face and squeezing his eyes tight shut as Hannibal deftly undid his belt and trousers. He pulled them down to Will's thighs, followed swiftly by his underwear.

Will could feel his chest tightening and his face burning as Hannibal's breath warmed his crotch.

"Beautiful," Hannibal sighed, his mouth ghosting over Will's cock.

Will trembled, his legs giving way slightly with one hand shooting into Hannibal's hair and gripping it as a clutch for balance. Hannibal's hands went to his thighs for a moment, steadying him, before stroking softly over them until one moved up to cup his balls, causing Will's breath to shudder out of him. Hannibal hummed his pleasure at Will's reaction and slid his hand to Will's cock.

It was clear the satisfaction Hannibal was deriving from being the first man to intimately touch this part of him. And it only served to arouse Will all the more.

Even so, he teetered on the edge of something - struggling with himself to allow this trust in Hannibal. For a moment panic threatened to set in - the usual fear sliding back into place despite Hannibal's words. What if Hannibal recoiled from him in this moment? He wasn't sure he could stand it.

But then Hannibal manipulated his cock, gently and subtly, drawing it up into an erect position as he slid his mouth down on it, making it seem like nothing more than how he might be with a cis man. No strange awkwardness Will sometimes encountered as he or, worse still, his lover had to take the moment to pose the penile implant to an erect position. He shook as Hannibal drew back with a suck, applying wonderful pressure with his tongue.

He had a reasonable amount of sensation which had definitely improved with time, but even so, amongst the handful of blowjobs he'd had since his surgery, this was by far the best.

"Jesus, fuck… Hannibal…" Will gasped as Hannibal worked his cock, jerking it a little at the base where the sensation was even better. He couldn't dare chance a look down to see Hannibal taking him, he'd likely come on the spot.

Hannibal hummed against him, making Will wince, and then slid his other hand around to stroke up Will's crack.

"Unnggg," Will cried out at the sensation, this time his legs finally giving away. He fell back onto the bed, slipping from Hannibal's mouth as he went.

Hannibal chuckled, wiping the moisture from his lips as he stood and looked down at Will.

"You have a beautiful cock," Hannibal purred before stooping down to pull Will's clothes the rest of the way off, leaving him naked and reclining on the bed.

Will started to back himself up the bed as Hannibal advanced on him. Fear and self consciousness ebbing away at the hungry look in Hannibal's eyes. As they moved, Hannibal took Will's cock back in hand and began to stroke up and down, spreading his own saliva along the length of Will's shaft.

Will groaned and let his head fall back onto the pillows.

"Oh god, you're so good at that…" Will's words were a moan. A thought popped into his head and he propped himself up, watching the steady glide of Hannibal's hand up and down his cock.

"H-have you ever been with a trans guy before?" Will was genuinely curious, but his interest was laced with a jealousy he hoped didn't come across in his tone.

Hannibal smirked, so perhaps it had. But then he shook his head.

"I have not. However I am not only transgender but, you will recall, a medical doctor. I've spent a great deal of time researching masculinising surgeries. I feel I might be uniquely qualified in bringing pleasure to trans men."

Hannibal's words made as much sense as they could to Will, whose brain was sparking with pleasure at every twist of Hannibal's wrist.

"You would have been jealous if I had?" It was barely a question and Hannibal's grin betrayed that.

Will couldn't help but chuckle, "Yeah, I… unghhh, ahhh fuck, I'm close…"

He could feel his climax pooling within him - every part of him dangerously sensitive. It was almost a relief when Hannibal's hand moved off of him with one final tug.

"Shit…" Will panted, trying to catch his breath as he receded from the edge of orgasm.

With a smooth, quick motion, Hannibal's mouth was on his again and the man was straddling him. He could feel Hannibal's wetness press against him, groaning into the kiss as a result.

His hands shot to Hannibal's hips holding him in place as he moved his own hips to tease at Hannibal's entrance with his cock.

“Take me Will, please… let me come on your cock.”

Will groaned and thrust up as he pushed Hannibal’s hips down - a slow but steady motion, seating himself entirely in Hannibal and crying out again.

Hannibal started to move his own hips, riding him shallowly to increase the friction on his own smaller cock. Will understood the pleasure Hannibal was taking and let his hands fall away. They were pointless on Hannibal’s hips, he had no desire to even attempt to control how Hannibal wanted to ride him.

Instead they moved to Hannibal’s furred chest, threading into the coarse hair there, rubbing lightly over his nipples and squeezing at his pecs.

“Fuck, please never wear a suit again.” Will murmured into the kiss, causing Hannibal to pull back with a chuckle. “Your body is too perfect to hide in clothes.”

Hannibal leaned back, taking Will’s hands with him, still kneading at his chest, as he circled his hips - grinding down onto Will’s cock.

“That may be a little scandalous for office hours. Though perhaps I can be persuaded when we are privately dining?” Hannibal’s tone, whilst playful was also clearly serious.

Will groaned, letting his hands move to Hannibal’s waist for purchase so he could better plant his feet and thrust up, meeting each of Hannibal’s grinds until they were both groaning.

“Is that what you’d like Will?” Hannibal asked, breathless. “Would you like to come to dinner and find me naked and wet, and ready for you?” Will groaned his response. “I would do that for you, I would be that for you if you wanted. I’d prepare myself, plug my ass so you could pull it out and fuck me over the table. I’d suck you whilst you ate, or sit in your lap, keeping your cock warm whilst you enjoyed on cognac.”

“Fuck,” Will had been groaning throughout Hannibal’s litany of gorgeously filthy promises, and his hips responded eagerly. They thrust together, setting a brutal pace as Will pumped up and Hannibal sank down - slamming together until it was almost rough. He knew his fingers at Hannibal’s waist would leave bruises.

“Is that what you want Will? To be more than this night, to be lovers? Partners?” Hannibal growled the words, lacing his fingers into Will’s at his waist.

“Fuck, yes Hannibal. Yes, that’s what I want. I… I want you… I…” Other words came to mind, need, desire, love. All were too much for that moment even if they weren’t a lie.

Will had avoided intimacy for so long that it had become second nature, self preservation. It took Hannibal to break him of it, because Hannibal was the only one that could.

All those dinners and conversations, shared jokes and soft murmurs. They’d already been intimate for quite a while, Will realised.

Suddenly Hannibal surged forward, pulling off Will’s cock slightly as he repositioned - laying flatted against Will. Their mouths nipped at each other once more as Hannibal sank

back on his cock, letting out a long groan as the new friction of the press of their bodies together jerked his own cock.

Will hummed his satisfaction into Hannibal's mouth, reaching his hands down to Hannibal's ass to pull the man's cheeks tight against him. He thrust up, burying himself over and over in his lover, knowing that each of his movements was responsible for Hannibal's involuntary groans into his mouth.

Hannibal's humping against him grew erratic, and then he threw his head back, breaking their kiss as he cried out. Will could feel Hannibal's cock twitching against his lower abdomen, the sensation making him groan.

Hannibal continued to grind himself through the orgasm, and Will had a sense of Hannibal's inner muscles undulating against his cock. It wasn't quite the same sensation as cis guy felt, he was sure, but it was enough to have his eyes rolling back in his head as his hips jerked involuntarily as he came.

They both rode their orgasms out, moving against each other as waves of pleasure washed over them both.

"Oh fuck… Hannibal… fuck…"

Hannibal chuckled, finally beginning to still. By increments, they went pliant, panting as Hannibal collapsed heavily on his chest.

"Hmm, this is nice." Hannibal crooned and Will could feel him squeezing his inner muscles around his cock. "I love that you're still erect inside me. I could fall asleep like this."

Will just huffed a laugh and hummed in return, stroking a hand idly up and down Hannibal's back - lost in a post climatic haze.

*

Will woke with his face nuzzled into Hannibal's chest.

They must have fallen asleep, in fact he couldn't remember withdrawing from Hannibal - though he evidently had at some point. He moved a hand down to his cock, feeling that it was still in the erect position and was coated in dried secretions. The thought sent a delightful shudder through him.

He couldn't wait to do that again, or take Hannibal's ass. Or maybe even have Hannibal peg him. He felt like a kid in a candy store.

But he couldn't even start to consider he had been wrong in denying himself this before. With another guy maybe he would have been rejected, or maybe not. But the connection he and Hannibal had found in each other made regrets impossible. It would never have been the same with anyone else. Never could be. Because this was Hannibal. *His* Hannibal.

He just hoped Hannibal had meant everything he said.

A slight, residual panic descended at the idea that he might not have.

But then Hannibal stirred.

“It’s early mylimasis,” Hannibal informed him without opening his eyes. Instead he rolled into Will, snuggling tight to him and snaking a hand down to rest on Will’s cock. It was, once more, possessive but not sexual - an intimate touch to hold them together.

“I… I don’t want to interrupt your weekend plans. You… only paid for one evening.” Will chuckled aiming to give Hannibal the opportunity to end this all.

Instead Hannibal snuggled closer, his voice was sleep heavy and rich, “How much do I pay for a continuation?”

Will blinked at him and stilled. Hannibal opened his eyes and studied Will for a moment, his expression ever so briefly giving away the fear that he had scared Will off, before it settled into something neutral.

“You can have that for free,” Will sighed and sank further into Hannibal’s arms.

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